

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns, rendered in a dark brown color, framing the entire page.

unintentional hoe

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richie tozier is crazy in love with his boyfriend, eddie kaspbrak, too bad everyone else at derry high is too

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richie tozier and eddie kaspbrak are seventeen years old and have been dating for four months, which richie tozier can conclude are the best four months of his life. his puppy love crush he's had since his best friend since he was thirteen finally worked out, through the fear of heart break and losing eddie, he ended up with a new boyfriend and being closer to the boy than ever. it's also great that now he can touch eddie's butt whenever he wants, something he's been wanting to do since he bought those little red short shorts that he continues to wear even when they've gone out of style and they're too small on him.

he really does love it, and he's starting to realize everyone else does too.

it all starts off when eddie is grabbing his things from his locker with richie at his side, and with his combination being entered and the handle being pulled, out comes a piece of paper. on it are numbers neither of them recognize, and even though eddie throws it away, richie can't help but feel the green demon fill his heart and corrupt his brain.

he doesn't know how he never noticed it before, he knew eddie was cute but didn't know other people had noticed. yet, how couldn't they? puberty hit and eddie became even better looking than before. his hair grew out longer with curls, his shoulders broadened, and while he maintained petite he still had a mans physique, and then there was the fact that the clothes he wore were either too revealing or too cute.

he still wore his little shorts he had bought years before, caring more for comfort than for fashion, not realizing when he wore those shorts and his t-shirts everyone got a show with his curls bouncing and his shorts far too tight.

now richie doesn't know what to do, because he himself loves the view of his boyfriend in these clothes, but that doesn't mean he wants anyone else to enjoy it. not like eddie would even listen if he asked him to stop wearing those clothes, if anything he'd wear them more to spite his boyfriend. not to mention richie doesn't want to be that controlling, psycho, boyfriend, trying to control eddie's life. if eddie did that to him he'd feel trapped, he'd hate it, so why would he do that to eddie? either way things were complex and a lose lose scenario for richie.

so this was the beginning of richie tozier having to watch others fawn over his man, and having to sit there and take it.

he starts to get ridiculous with it, everyone knows eddie is gay, and everyone knows he's dating richie, and yet richie is even getting jealous of girls.

he *swears* eddie's lab partner has a crush on him, the way she leaned over to grab her pencil she was *totally* pushing her cleavage out for eddie. anyone he talked to would have said he was delusional, he was losing it, and yet he still found himself glaring at the girl for any little thing she did that was even in eddie's direction. how *dare* she let eddie borrow a pencil? she knows he's taken.

he tells bev this, and she laughs in his face and slaps her hand on his back. "you and i both know that stephanie kinner was not flirting with eddie, but plenty of others do." she was supposed to be comforting him, not making him feel worse.

"what do you mean? who else is flirting with eddie?" he questioned, attempting to find out just who his competition was.

"i don't know specifically, but i've seen it around. guys complimenting his shorts, it especially happens when he goes with stan to play baseball. he usually doesn't play but he watches, and from the times i've joined a couple of guys have sent winks his way. you can't blame eddie though, he's an unintentional hoe." beverly laughed with her statement, finding richie's reaction to be the best part of this conversation.

richie had never felt more jealous in his entire life, and he felt the need to take eddie and run away, hide his boy from the rest of the world. he never knew he could be so possessive, but he didn't like the idea of other's flirting with the boy he's loved since he was thirteen. maybe he was afraid of losing him to someone else? he couldn't even think about that, he couldn't stand the thought.

ever since his conversation with beverly he noticed more things, things that he had noticed before but now saw in a broader sense. she was right, eddie was an unintentional hoe, so unintentional he didn't even know what he was doing.

for example, in chemistry eddie was sitting on his chair backwards, knees underneath him, and he bent over to reach for the class worksheet without getting up. of course richie would be admiring his boyfriend's ass, but as he looked around the room he noticed others doing the same. it was the equivalent of a girl with big tits wearing a low cut shirt and bending down on top of it all. he was every gay, bi, or questioning boy's dream in that class right now, and richie could feel the jealousy bubbling up inside.

when did people start to notice the losers club hypochondriac? when did he become the object of any questioning boy's attention? perhaps it wasn't even that bad, just a few boys crushing on his boyfriend, but richie tozier was the definition of over exaggerations and taking things too far.

which means that if one person looked at eddie, to richie it seemed as if the entire school was masturbating to him in the hallway. he took things too far, it was a part of his 'humor', at least that was *his* excuse whenever he got called out for it.

that's when it began, it being the major pda between richie and eddie. they already were a couple with normal amounts of public displays of affection, but now it was even worse. richie had to make sure people knew eddie was in a relationship,, he was not single, he was taken, cuffed, and every other word used for "currently in a relationship."

"what is going on with you?" eddie asked during lunch, feeling his taller boyfriends arms wrap around him and kisses being spread across his cheeks and neck. richie usually had an arm around him, but never like this, where he refused to let go and had to be kissing some part of him. these were moments he preferred to keep in private (coming from the guy who drags richie to the back of the school when he just *needs* to be kissed.)

richie gave him a big smooch on his jaw, resting his head against his small boyfriends shoulder. "what do you mean?" he was acting confused, oblivious, and even though he played puck in last semesters performance of a midsummers night dream, he could *never* trick eddie.

"don't bullshit me, asshole. you're *never* this touchy with me, and right now you're borderline giving me a hickey in the quad. explain." he was annoyed, he hated those couples that were almost fucking in the hallway, he didn't want to become one of them.

richie rolled his eyes, his boyfriend radiated innocence, and yet almost always talked towards richie with profanity and threats in his sentence. he reminded him of a quote from a midsummers night dream, "though she be but little, she is fierce." substitute she with he, and eddie would fit the role perfectly.

"i can't show my boyfriend some love? you're looking so good today eddie, i can't control myself around you." he continued with his dramatics, going in for more kisses for dramatic affect. "if you don't kiss me right now i might just die!" he spoke, using a shitty 'shakespearean' voice, begging and pretending to cry.

eddie gave a little chuckle in response, though he still seemed annoyed none the less. he smacked richie and took a seat, hoping that would have thwarted off his boyfriends affections for the moment. "seriously, why are you trying to *devour* me?"

richie wasn't planning on admitting his jealousy, not only did he see it as pathetic, but it was embarrassing. most people took eddie as kind and fragile, but he was as quick witted and ruthless and richie could be, if not more. "seriously, babe, i'm just so crazy about you i can't control myself. there's nothing else to it." he took a seat next to eddie, giving up for the moment and getting his food out of his bag.

eddie didn't push anymore and the conversation changed, and richie felt relieved that today was *not* the day he admitted he was insanely jealous.

that was just eddie's warm weather attire, and while that is arguably more sexy, his cold weather clothing is still just as attention grabbing as those shorts he loves to wear. seeing that cute boy in over sized sweaters and his hair growing out making his curls more obvious (he always grew it out during winter, until it became too hot and his mother thought him to look like a deviant with his hair like that). he looked so damn cute like that, richie thought it was impossible for someone to see that and *not* fall in love with him.

and while richie loved seeing his boyfriend in those cute shorts, he loved eddie when it was cold. the boy always begging for cuddles to keep him warm, clinging to richie for body heat when his sweater wasn't enough. then on top of it all, it was the season of eddie wearing richie's clothes. it was typical of eddie when the weather dropped and everyone was freezing for him to steal richie's clothes. richie was almost 6 foot, while eddie was stuck at 5'6, making richie's already big clothes huge on eddie. it was his favorite sight, seeing his *perfect* boyfriend walking down the hall in *his* clothes. of course it just meant he had less to wear in the winter season, but it was worth it.

yet with a now paranoid richie, he was sure everyone else loved to see the adorable boy in these clothes. he was now seeing everyone as competitors for his boyfriends attention, and a bit shocked that it was eddie and not *him* that was the unintentional hoe.

and yet here he was, watching others take a double take at his man, and having beverly's laugh replay in his ear when she told him. now he finally understood the saying 'ignorance is bliss'.

he just *had* to do it, didn't he? eddie just had to wear the cutest, most adorable outfit he probably ever has worn before. he just had to wear it at school, rather in the comfort of richie's bedroom where only they would see it, but now everyone got to and now everyone *must* be lusting after him.

they were mid december, eddie's curls were beyond perfect and if he didn't push them back they would cover his eyes, and he was wearing a knitted white sweatshirt and overalls on top. had anyone else worn it it would have been horrible, but with eddie wearing it it was a masterpiece. he had never looked so good before, and for richie to say that meant it was really good (he always thought eddie looked good).

but so did everyone else, because walking down the hallway in his overalls and white sweatshirt eddie was being drowned in compliments. apparently everyone had an opinion on eddie's outfit, and apparently they were all good. richie knows he should be happy that eddie is getting so much positive attention, but he *hates* seeing eddie blush when others compliment him and he *swears* every compliment is them flirting in disguise. he finds his grip on eddie's waist growing

tighter and pulling him closer to his side with every compliment, to the point where eddie swatted his hands away.

richie rolled his eyes and waited a bit before moving his hand to hold eddie's, always wanting some contact to feel connected to his boyfriend *and* best friend. eddie's smaller hand wrapped around his, fingers intertwining, and he looked down at his boyfriend with a small and yet tender smile as he gave his hand a squeeze, making richie's heart flutter.

later that same day was when richie was pushed over the edge, walking down the hall he had to see the most horrendous sight. there was *his* boyfriend in the cutest outfit ever, talking to another boy. he could just tell from the body language the other boy was all over him, he was practically begging for eddie to be with him! the way he leaned on the lockers, leaned towards eddie, god it was revolting! richie couldn't believe he had to witness this with his own eyes, and at the moment he was wishing he didn't have contacts in so he *couldn't* see it.

so he did what any rational and yet jealous teenage boy would do, go over and drape himself all over eddie. arms wrapped around his waist from behind, head on shoulder, kisses being sent all over his neck and jaw and cheek (but never the lips, not yet). he even tried a little tickling, anything to show that eddie was in a relationship, and whoever this guy was that was so *obviously* desperate for him, that he was TAKEN.

"i think i'm gonna go, i'll talk to you later eddie." richie heard the monster say, smiling against eddie's neck as the boy left, but frowning when he heard eddie saying goodbye as well. he had *never* been this possessive before, never cared about who eddie talked to because he trusted him, but jealousy had taken over and he did not trust the rest of derry high.

"what the hell richie? seriously, what the fuck is your problem?" eddie turned around, yelling at him but trying not to draw attention to them in the hallway.

"nothing, baby, i was just missin your kissin." he teased, a shitty accent (he didn't even know what it was himself) coming out as he said it, going in for a kiss but being dodged by eddie.

"no, stop with this bullshit. what the hell is going on? you're never like this and you're never this touchy, much less when i'm talking to someone! you scared my lab partner away, now whenever i talk to him about the project it's going to be awkward considering he saw my boyfriend trying to give me a hickey in the hallway!" eddie rambled on to him, yelling in the quietest way possible, though it was obvious to even richie he was extremely annoyed.

richie sighed, feigning defeat, realizing he had to tell eddie the truth. "i'm jealous."

he mumbled.

eddie, still infuriated, was not in the mood for mumbling. "speak up! i can't hear you, and i'm not in the mood." he was arms crossed and everything.

"i'm jealous, okay?" richie spoke louder, resting his head in eddie's collarbone in embarrassment.

now eddie was more confused than mad, wondering what there possibly could be richie was jealous of, especially of him talking about his chemistry project with some guy in their class. "why the hell are you jealous, you idiot?"

richie hated admitting this, feeling more ridiculous than ever, and knowing eddie would never let it go. usually it was *him* that did the teasing, it was him who was chill, cool and confident and relaxed, not like *this*. "because you're such an unintentional hoe. you're walking around in your sexy little shorts or cute little overalls, and i'm now realizing like *everyone* here has a crush on you. so i'm jealous." he admitted, being quiet for once in his life.

eddie was shocked at first, quiet and surprised, then it hit him and he burst into laughter. "are you crazy? no one has a crush on me except you, much less the entire school. you're an idiot, richie tozier."

richie laughed, more in embarrassment than anything else, and held his boyfriend in a hug close to him. "shut up, this is embarrassing, and i regret all of this. though there are a few people that like you, and you can't deny it. bev tells me someone *winked* at you."

"stop being ridiculous, i really doubt anyone does, and if they do it doesn't matter because they aren't *you*." eddie spoke into richie's chest, his arms wrapping around his taller boyfriend, loving the comfort and warmth that always radiated off richie.

"good. i needed to hear that." richie spoke, soft and kind, a rare moment of seriousness between the two.

"you're so dumb, i wonder why i'm even with you sometimes." eddie joked, shifting the mood back to one they were more used to. "maybe i should find that guy that, supposedly, winked at me and ask him out. make him my boyfriend instead of you, maybe *he* won't get jealous so easily." his voice and over exaggeration with the words making it obviously a joke.

"wow, so much for only wanting me. you know how to break a boys heart, eddie kaspbrak." richie spoke dramatically, pulling away from eddie and putting his hand on his heart, pretending to cry.

eddie rolled his eyes, trying to hide his smile but it found its way across his face anyway. "shut up and kiss me already."

richie didn't need to be told twice, so he leaned down to kiss his boyfriend. his hands, large against eddie's face, cupping one of his cheeks, and their lips brushed together gently. it was a sweet kiss, a small one, a peck that was tender and real and sensual. they were still in the hallway, neither of them were going to make out in front of the school, but that little kiss said all it needed to about eddie kaspbrak and richie tozier.